VOLUME XXXIV., No. 13. MONTREAL, MARCH 31, 1899. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

## An Easter Idyl.

Many a year the Easter came, laughing o'er
land and sea,
Wafting the perfume of lilies wherever its
dawn light fell,
Kindling the flames of the roses, and wav-
ing their torches free,
Far over hill and mountain, and deep in
the lonesome dell.

And many a year at Easter I sat in the old
church loft,
And lifted my voice in Te Deums, and
sang like a mavis clear,
Sang of glory and triumph, and my voice
thrilled sweet and soft,
Oh! many a time in the Easter of many a
cloudless year.

Till there fell a season of anguish, when
the stars went out in the sky,
When I covered my face, and bent my
knees, and beat with a hopeless
prayer
At the golden gates of heaven that were
shut to my bitter cry,
While the Angel of Death at my threshold
was deaf to my love's despair.

Then, straight on that wild, bleak winter
there followed the fairest spring,
With snowdrops and apple blossoms in
riotous haste to bloom,
With the sudden note of the robin, and the
flash of the bluebird's wing,
And all that was mine of its beauty was
the turf that covered a tomb.

Oh! the bells rang out for Easter, rang strong
and sweet and shrill,
And the organ's rolling thunder pealed
through the long church aisle,
And the children fluttered with flowers, and
I sat mute and still,
I who had clean forgotten both how to
pray and to smile.

And I murmured in fierce rebellion, 'There
is naught that endures below,
Naught but the lamentations that are rent
from souls in pain;'
And the joy of the Easter music, it struck
on my ears like a blow,
For I knew that my day was over, I could
never be glad again!

And then, how it happened I know not.
There was One in my sight who stood,
And lo! on His brow was the thorn-print,
in His hands were the nails' rough
scars,
And the shadow that lay before Him was
the shade of the holy rood,
But the glow in His eyes was deeper than
the light of the morning stars.

'Daughter,' He said, 'have comfort! Arise!
keep Easter-tide!
I, for thy sins who suffered, and died on
the cruel tree,
I, who was dead, am living; no evil shall
e'er betide
Those who, beyond, or waiting, are pledged
unto life with Me.'

Now I wake to a holier Easter! happier than
of old,
And again my voice is lifted in Te Deums
sweet and strong;
I send it to join the anthem in the wonder-
ful city of gold,
Where the hymns of the ransomed forever
are timed to the Easter song.

And I can be glad with the gladness that is
born of a perfect peace;
On the strength of the Strong I am rest-
ing; I know that His will is best.
And who that has found that secret from
darkness has won release,
And even in sorrow's exile may lift up her
eyes and be blessed.

—Margaret E. Sangster in 'Harper's Bazar.'

## A Message In A Letter.

The Rev. Francis E. Clark, in the 'Christian Endeavor World,' has some valuable thoughts for young bible readers. He says:

If you had a friend far away, whom perhaps you had never seen,—a father, we will suppose, who had gone to a distant land when you were too small to remember him, yet a father who loved you and frequently wrote to you,—how would you be able to realize that he was actually alive, and that he was your father, and that he loved you and you him? I think you would take his letter every week, and sit down and read it carefully. The very fact that you had his letter in your hands, and that you knew he wrote it, and wrote it for you, would give you a sense of your father's existence and reality and love for you.

Why not apply this same method in realizing your heavenly Father's presence? He has sent you his letters; he has told you of his love. Sit down with these letters and read them over and over. Say to yourself, as you read them, 'This is from my Father in heaven.' I think this the best starting-point, and as soon as you can thoroughly understand and know that these chapters to which I have already referred, like the heart

of the gospel in John, like the twenty-third and ninety-first Psalm, are God's word to you, many of your difficulties in realizing God will be removed.

You can concentrate your mind upon them because there is something tangible before you, and the message which he gives you in these letters will enable you to realize that he is, and that he is the rewarder of those that diligently seek him.

I know of no better remedy for wandering thoughts than to fix them upon God's word to us. After a little we shall hear his voice speaking to us, even in a more direct and intimate relation still; and, while the printed word becomes no less precious, we shall listen to his immediate interpretation of it, and rejoice greatly in the realization of his nearness.

## The Gibraltar Of Christianity

The Resurrection is the Gibraltar of Christianity. The waves of adverse criticism have beaten against it for ages, but the impact, not injuring the rock, has merely broken them into spray. We court both the kindly investigation of friendly scholarship and the bitterest research of determined foes. If our faith cannot bear the closest scrutiny it is not worth having. God gave us brains as well as hearts, and what the heart believes should be endorsed by the reason.

The Resurrection of Jesus is beyond the reach of doubt. As a matter of history it holds an impregnable position, and as the source of comfort, consolation, and resignation it is like the spring in the far-away range of mountains from which the lordly Amazon flows to the sea. If we think of heaven, and of the dear ones there, and of the time when we shall once more clasp them to our bosom with love unchanged by separation, we think first of Jesus on the road to Bethany, and of the 'cloud which received him out of their sight.' Where he went, there our loved ones have gone, for 'in my Father's house are many mansions,' and what we call death is simply God's highway, which leads from life to immortality.—'Sunday Companion.'

## Watchful Kindness.

A little kindness may make a friend of a stranger. Whoever wants a friend may surely have one, for there is no boy or girl who cannot find some one who needs help.

Be on the watch for opportunities. Perhaps you come into your Sunday-school, and find some stranger there, waiting for a seat. Cannot you welcome him with a cordial smile, and ask him to sit with you? Or the stranger may be at day school, a new scholar who does not know you or your ways. Speak kindly to him; ask him to join your games; tell him how the lessons are arranged; and introduce him to others.

Then at home some shy visitors may come. Find out what they like coax them to talk with you, and do not be discouraged if they are slow in responding. Shyness is not to be overcome all at once, but it will disappear by-and-by, and your bashful acquaintance will become your merry play-fellow, and very likely your warm friend.

How much good a little thought, a little kindness, may do you cannot tell. Remember that each of us touches other lives and influences them. Each town borders on other towns; each city is joined in fellowship with other cities. The world, in fact, is one great neighborhood, and all its inhabitants are neighbors, and more than neighbors—brethren.

## A Good Man's Tenderness.

Boys are sometimes tempted to think that to be tender-hearted is to be weak and unmanly. Yet the tenderest heart may be associated with the strongest and most forcible mind and will. Take, for example, the story told of him to whom we owe our wonderful railway system. George Stephenson went one day into an upper room of his house and closed the window. It had been open a long time, because of the great heat, but now the weather was becoming cooler, and so Mr. Stephenson thought it would be well to shut it. He little knew what he was doing. Two or three days afterwards, however, he chanced to observe a bird flying against that same window, and beating against it with all his might again and again, as if trying to break it. His sympathy and curiosity were aroused. What could the little thing want? He went at once to the room, and opened the window to see. The bird flew straight to one particular spot in the room, where Stephenson saw a nest. The poor bird looked at it, took the sad story in at a glance, and fluttered down to the floor broken-hearted, almost dead.

Stephenson, drawing near to look, was filled with unspeakable sorrow. There sat the mother bird, and under it four tiny little ones—mother and young—all apparently dead. Stephenson cried aloud. He tenderly lifted the exhausted bird from the floor, the worm it had so long and so bravely struggled to bring to its home and young still in its beak, and carefully tried to revive it, but all his efforts proved in vain. It speedily died, and the great man mourned for many a day because he himself had unconsciously been the cause of its death.—'League Journal.'

## Why?

'Please excuse my tardiness this afternoon,' said Helen Wells, approaching her teacher after school.

'I suppose you have a good excuse,' said Miss Page, smiling at the young girl.

'Yes, and you will think so, too. I met Mr. Pearson on the street, and he told me he had been appointed to lead the Christian Endeavor meeting this evening, but could not because of having been called out of town. He asked me to see Alice Bertram and ask her to take his place. And I thought she ought to have a little notice, you know ——'

'Certainly, your excuse is ample.'

'I thought it would simply be to tell her and hurry on, but I found her not at all well, so we spent a few moments trying to decide whom next to call on. But I am afraid we are going to have to fall back on Mr. Merrill.'

'I know he doesn't like that, when he has other services this week.'

'Yes, and I am sorry, but I fear that our few reliables are for various reasons not to be had.'

'Why don't you do it yourself, Helen?'

'I? O—why, I couldn't, Miss Page.'

'Why not?'

'Because I have never done it.'

'But there has to be a beginning to everything. You can't begin earlier.'

'But, you see, I am not that sort.'

'What "sort" do you mean?'

'Why, the sort of girl that does that sort of thing,' went on Helen, with a half-laugh. 'Alice is. She leads Endeavor meetings and never neglects prayer-meetings, and whenever there is anything really good to be done she is always the one to do it.'

'But, my dear child,' said Miss Page, as she pressed an arm tenderly around the young girl, 'why shouldn't you do these things as well as Alice?'

'Why, I'm trying to explain to you, Miss Page. I don't do them and Alice does. They are expected of her.'

'Still, dear, I cannot see why they should be expected more of her than of you.'

'She is so—well, so consecrated. Just so with Mr. Pearson. People look to him in just the same way. No one would think of expecting of Ned Hastings, for instance, what they do of him. There's just the same difference between Alice and me.'

'Well, I must keep on with my questioning. Now, Helen, why should Alice Bertram and Mr. Pearson be more consecrated than are you, or Ned Hastings, or a score of others of whom "such things" are not, as you truthfully say, expected. Why is there any more obligation upon them to be earnest in the Master's work than others?'

Helen soberly met her teacher's eyes.

'Miss Page, I don't know.'

'Is there any reason?'

'I only know that people look to them, because they are ready to do things, and seem to think it more their work than that of others.'

'Yes, and you forget to question why the Lord should require so much more from these consecrated ones than from others; and forget—ah, my dear, the rich reward which belongs with the full consecration. Why do you place such limitations on yourself? Why rob yourself of the rich blessing which follows perfect service?'

With a sober face Helen rose to leave her teacher.

'Miss Page, you have asked me more questions than I could answer in a day, or a month, or a year.'

And as she walked alone, they still pressed on her. Why? Why? Why? Can some others answer?—Sydney Dayre in New York 'Observer.'

## Grandmother's Birthday.

A traveller among the Tyrolese peasants tells the following story; why not follow out the hint in your own home, if grandmother is still living?

The morning after our arrival we were awakened by the sound of a violin and flutes under the window, and hurrying down found the little house adorned as for a feast—garlands over the door and wreathing a high chair which was set in state.

The table was already covered with gifts brought by the young people whose music we had heard. The whole neighborhood were kinsfolk, and these gifts came from uncles and cousins in every far-off degree. They were very simple, for the donors are poor—knitted gloves, a shawl, baskets of flowers, jars of fruit, loaves of bread; but upon all some little message of love was pinned.

'Is there a bride in this house?' I asked of my landlord.

'Ach, nein!' he said. 'We do not make such a pother about our young people. It is the grandmother's birthday.'

The grandmother, in her spectacles, white apron, and high velvet cap, was a heroine all day, sitting in state to receive visits, and dealing out slices from a sweet loaf to each who came. I could not but remember certain grandmothers at home, just as much loved as her, probably, but whose dull, sad lives were never brightened by any such pleasure as this; and I thought we could learn much from these poor mountaineers. —'Wellspring.'

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## Easter At Jerusalem.

THE GREAT FESTIVAL IN ITS BIRTH-PLACE.

('The Sunday Companion.')

Jerusalem is naturally the centre of attraction for Christians at Easter, for it was in a garden just outside the city walls that Christ arose triumphantly from the tomb and burst the bonds of death. That was the first Easter morning, and since then, every year kind and loving hands, representing countless generations of all times, all creeds, and all races, have left some token in honor of the day at one or other of those places made sacred by memories of the Son of Man.

On Easter Day, the tomb of Christ in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is covered with the lilies which are used all over the world. Mount Calvary is visited by the Christian population of the town and the members of the various religious orders, and flowers are strewn upon the spot where the cross is supposed to have stood.

Good Friday and Easter Sunday are, of course, the chief days for pilgrims in the Holy City, and are spent in attendance on the impressive ceremonies of the Greek Church at the Holy Sepulchre.

The church is crowded with pilgrims of almost every nationality on this occasion, and many disgraceful scenes are enacted, both in the streets and in the sanctuary itself. The church is guarded by Turkish soldiers, and they are often put upon their mettle to quell the disturbances which are continually arising through the meeting of bands of devotees of dissimilar religious views, who contend with fanatical violence for the temporary possession of some holy shrine or chapel.

The great feature of Eastertide, however, among the adherents of the Greek Church is the alleged miracle of the Holy Fire. Up to the beginning of the sixteenth century the Latins took part in this ceremony; but since that time it has been conducted by the priests of the Greek Church alone.

The Descent of the Holy Fire occurs on Easter Eve, though the excitement begins on the previous evening. At about two o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday a grand procession of Greek priests and monks moves around the Holy Sepulchre, the lamps of the church being extinguished one by one in sight of the vast crowd. Finally, the Patriarch enters the chapel of the Sepulchre, the priests intone prayers, and the immense throng sways to and fro with religious fervor.

BRINGING IN THE HOLY FIRE—AN EXTRAORDINARY EASTER SCENE IN THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE AT JERUSALEM.

The supreme moment arrives. The Patriarch emerges, bearing aloft the gleaming flame, which is devoutly believed to have miraculously descended from heaven; priests come forth with bunches of lighted tapers, and an indescribable tumult follows, each one striving to light his own candle at one of those borne by the priests.

This is the scene which is depicted in our illustration. Everywhere there is struggling and surging and shouting, until the scene becomes a veritable pandemonium. In the struggle fierce fights are common, and serious accidents sometimes occur. Even the occupants of the gallery make efforts to get their candles lighted, lowering them by means of their sashes, beseeching their more fortunately located brethren below to 'show benevolence' by lighting their tapers for them. The Mohammedan soldiers enjoy the scandalous scene hugely, but it is a source of shame to the truly pious Christian.

## Easter Sunday Under the New Teacher.

That captain is already victorious who spurs his men on to victory through an appeal to their courage and valor.

Said an old soldier, not long ago, when speaking of a prominent evangelist who had just conducted a 'Men's meeting:' 'He is a wise leader in that he has learned what we learned in the army, that men will be aroused and won more easily by appealing to their manliness and courage, than through any other means. Did you notice that when he asked those to stand who desired to be Christians he said, "You are not afraid, are you? Surely you are not afraid to stand, if you really are in earnest. You are too brave for that." Now, there is no man who is at all in earnest that will not respond to an appeal of that kind. Someway all that is good and brave in him rises to meet the occasion.'

What is true of men is true of boys, and that Sunday-school teacher showed rare wisdom who took advantage of her opportunity, when a class of rough-and-tumble boys was turned over to her after having completely worn out the strength of one teacher, and caused his resignation. The story is thus told in 'The Advance:'

On the Sunday before Easter, Miss Rose Hamlin came in quietly and took her seat, not in the teacher's chair, but right among the boys. She had two brothers at home of twelve and fourteen, just about the average of her class.

'Glad to see you, boys,' said she. 'I guess there's time before the bell rings to introduce ourselves all round. My name is Miss Hamlin. What is yours, please?' turning to her next neighbor.

'Morton Duff.'

'And yours?'

'Dick Farnsworth.'

So she went around the class, taking the awkward, knuckly hand of each in the brown-kidded one, and looking him right in the eyes a moment, before she passed to the next. Each boy had a queer feeling, as she held his hand (they confided to one another afterward) that 'she'd remember him forever and ever.'

The bell rang, and the opening exercises were concluded.

'Now, Morton,' said Miss Hamlin, with a twinkle of fun in her clear, gray eyes, 'I heard two queer things about this class. Can you, or any of you, guess what they are?'

'Worst class in the school!' volunteered Walt Fernald.

'Not at all,' replied the teacher promptly. 'What could have put such a thing into your head?'

Walter looked out of the corner of his eye at the rest of the class; but nobody seemed prepared with an answer to Rose's questions.

'Well, I won't keep you guessing,' said she. 'I was told that this class used to be, two or three years ago, the best class in the school——'

The boys forgot to laugh, and Dick said, 'Hush up, I want to hear!' to Rob Daniels, who was whispering in his other ear.

'And that now, there is more talking and

laughing here than in any other class. Was the first report right?'

Modest silence on the part of the boys.

'And the second?'

'Yes'm! That's so!' from two or three.

'Now,' continued Miss Hamlin, with a nice little flush in her cheeks, but a firm set to her lips, 'I propose to teach the class just as it is now. But I want it to beat the record of the old one. You are not afraid to try it, are you?'

This had an immediate effect. It showed in the eyes of her auditors.

'Next Sunday is—what?'

'Easter.'

'What does the day celebrate?'

'The Resurrection,' 'Jesus coming to life,' replied two or three together.

'Yes,' said Miss Rose, quietly. 'It was the day on which Jesus, who was "crucified, dead and buried," rose again from the dead. Now, how shall we celebrate the day, that wonderful day, in our class?'

Nobody knew. 'I don't like Easter much,' said Rob. 'There's not half so much fun as Christmas.'

'All flowers and things,' said another. 'A girl's day, I call it.'

'What!' exclaimed Miss Hamlin, turning quickly to the last speaker, 'the day on which the greatest hero the world has ever known, came back to life? Yes, it is a girls' day, and a boys' day, too! A day for splendid deeds, for manly conduct, for fighting and gaining victories. 'Now,' she went on, earnestly, 'I'll tell you just what we must do. The good reputation of this class, its honor and courage and manliness seems somehow to have been lost—dead and buried. Let next Easter be its real Resurrection Day. I want every boy to study his lesson this week, as he never did before ;and to come to the class on Sunday with his mind made up to make this class the brightest, best, most interesting, most brave and Christ-like in the school. I will do my part. Can I depend on you to do yours? Hold up your hands, all that will help.'

Up went every right hand in the class. The boys were on fire with their teacher's enthusiasm.

'Don't take Sunday-school as a separate thing from your week-day life,' she said. 'Go into it as you would into a foot-ball game. Meet temptations as you would a flying wedge. Try to win in Christ's service, as you would try for a touch-down, with the goal only five yards away!'

You see, this young lady heard a good deal of foot-ball talk at home. One of her brothers was centre-rush on his school team, and the other was substitute left tackle.

Easter Sunday! The boys were early in their class, two of them reaching their seats before Miss Hamlin herself. The first hymn was given out.

'Now's your chance!' whispered Rose. 'Sing your best.' And, led by her sweet soprano, the boy voices rang out clear and strong:

'The day of resurrection,
Go tell it out abroad.'

They sat down all in a glow. Generally they had talked behind their hymn-books, right through the piece.

No class was quieter during Scripture reading and prayer. Another song. The musical director at the piano, very near their class, sent a pleased look and nod at them over his shoulder.

Then came the lesson. Each boy strove to outdo the rest. They could hardly wait for the questions before answering.

At the close of the school the hymn:

'Onward, Christian Soldiers'

was given out, and right nobly the class responded to the leader's hand. Glancing at their teacher they could not guess why she faltered once or twice in the song and her eyes were moist as she looked round on her sturdy little squad of soldiers, singing with all their might,

'Forward, as to war!'

with their shoulders squared and their heads thrown back. But you and I know how she was touched, and how thankful she was for this true resurrection in their young hearts.

We will leave them all there, singing and looking forward bravely to the next week's conflict. Surely, with the great Captain's help, they will conquer and hear his words, 'Well done!'—'Union Gospel News.'

## The Birthday Ring.

(Josephine Gates in 'Youth's Companion.')

'A ring for my seventeenth birthday, father, dear ' said Pauline Granger, gaily. She was pouring her father's morning coffee, because, alas! there was no one else to pour it. There were only those two, with faithful Ann in the kitchen. Taking up the box whose contents she had guessed, she picked from the velvet case a shining gold band set with turquoises.

'How pretty it is! A thousand million thanks; but what are the words engraved on the inside? German, "Mein lieber Ich"—My beloved I. Is that it?'

Her father nodded.

'But how does it apply, father? Surely, you don't mean it as a gentle hint that I am extraordinarily selfish?'

'Not quite so bad as that,' said Mr. Granger. 'It means your proper personality, or your real self. And let me tell you, there is nothing harder to keep hold of than the real "I" within us. So with the ring on your finger, it has been my modest hope that it will remind you of that "I" within you, that you may not be so apt to lose yourself in contact with the world.'

'How perfectly funny!' laughed Pauline. 'As if I could lose myself!'

'Well, my dear, older people than you have to struggle for that lieber Ich every day. And since you are so skeptical, suppose you take this one day. Let me see; you have planned, I believe, to take lunch with your friend, Lydia Berkley, to do some shopping, and finally to make a birthday call, with a gift on poor Miss Murdock. When you come home to-night, tell me, if you please, whether you have been just my Polly all the day long, or——'

'If I have been somebody else?' interrupted Pauline. 'What nonsense! Of course I shall be Polly!'

'Well, we shall see. So good-by, my dear, and good luck.'

It was very raw, March-like weather; and Pauline had sensibly decided to wear her winter coat; but while putting on her hat she beheld from her window Nelly Robinson starting for a walk, wearing a shoulder-cape. Nelly looked so stylish and trim in her jaunty cape that Pauline seemed to surmise a sudden change in the weather. She believed she would wear her shoulder-cape, for it was probably not nearly so cold as she had supposed.

While standing on the corner waiting for a car, the wind blew up under her little cape in a very searching fashion. She wished for her warm coat; then a sudden smile broke over her face.

'I see now,' thought she, 'what father meant. Here I've gone and lost myself the very first thing. I've started off by being Nelly Robinson. Ah, well, mein lieber Ich, that's only once. I shall keep my eyes open now.'

No car was yet in sight, but there soon came tripping along two big, rosy damsels. They were the Gibson girls. They went in for physical culture and gymnastics, and thrived on it.

'What!' exclaimed they, 'going to ride down-town? Absurd! Walk with us—come! It's a great mistake to be tied to a horse-car.'

Pauline, always delicate, and with a weak ankle which she was obliged to favor, allowed her feeble remonstrances to be drowned in her friends' enthusiasm. The athletic Gibson girls swung along in a breezy fashion, which Pauline strove valiantly but vainly to imitate.

'Tired?' asked the Gibson girls, just a shade scornfully, as Pauline, breathless and limping painfully, halted at last at the foot of the Berkley's steps. 'Well, if you wern't really equal to walking you shouldn't have undertaken it. So sorry. Good morning!'

Pauline flushed hotly as she pulled the door-bell. 'There!' she said, dolefully. 'Now I've been the Gibson girls. Who ever would have believed me to be so weak-minded? Now I must look out.'

It was a comfort to rest her weary bones and warm her shivering body in Lydia Berkley's lovely room. Thick carpets, rich furniture and delicate coloring gratified every sense. Pauline, who had planned to interest Lydia in the starting of a Shakespeare Club, and in the work of the King's Daughters, became lost in the shimmer and shine of Lydia's fine clothes and frivolous doings.

At luncheon there were only the two girls, for Mrs. Berkley was spending the day elsewhere; but the table was as beautifully set as if there had been a dozen people to be feted.

'Speaking of spoons,' said Lydia, poising her orange spoon daintily in the air, 'I'm making a collection. Not mean little after-dinner coffees, but big, honest teaspoons.'

'As for collections,' said Pauline, 'I have an aunt who makes a collection of—what do you suppose? Well, it's dolls. Dolls from all sorts of foreign cities and out-of-the-way places, dressed in the native costume. I can assure you that one can spend a very pleasant afternoon inspecting my aunt's dolls and listening to their queer histories.'

'Pooh!' said Lydia, rather rudely. 'My fad is souvenir spoons. Rosanna!' called Lydia, imperiously. 'Fetch me my case of spoons! There, now, what do you think of those? I have eleven, you see. Who, I wonder, will make me happy by completing the set and presenting me with the twelfth?'

She looked at Pauline with such a mischievous brightness in her black eyes, and such a coaxing sweetness on her smiling lips, that Pauline, the money in whose purse was already laid out down to the last penny, was charmed into a desire to please her pretty hostess. With an answering smile, she said, 'You must give me that pleasure.'

But the words had no sooner left her lips than the radiant glory of the feast seemed to have died out. She had a dismal suspicion that instead of being simply Polly, she had been masquerading as Lydia's double. Of course, she had a charming time, but it was with a feeling of relief that she put on her things to go.

'I'm going with you,' announced Lydia, cheerfully. 'I like to go in the stores, and besides, I can help you select your dress; and then there's the spoon, you know.'

Pauline, for a wonder, really bought the dress she preferred—a pretty challie—after which Lydia led her to a fine jeweller's, where she said her family was in the habit of dealing. They were soon engaged in inspecting a dazzling array of souvenir spoons. Of course Lydia, who had never been obliged

to consider the price of anything, promptly, selected the most expensive spoon in the lot.

'That's my spoon!' said she, happily.

Pauline was aghast at the price. What had possessed her to be flattered into offering the gift?

'It's a lot to pay, I know,' said Lydia, who had not failed to notice Pauline's consternation, 'but—— Mr. Johnson,' said she, leaning over the case to the young clerk and speaking coaxingly, 'won't you take off a dollar for my sake? I must have that spoon, and I don't want to impose on my friend too much. You know how many things we buy here. You will—yes?'

The young man colored and hesitated. There seemed nothing else for him to do.

'Well, Miss Berkley,' said he, 'for you I——'

Pauline had been listening in a kind of agony of remorseful self-condemnation. The full price of the spoon would leave her with only her car-fare home, and nothing, absolutely nothing, with which to buy a birthday gift for Miss Murdock! She knew Lydia was wrong to coerce the poor clerk, who perhaps would have to make good the difference from his own scanty purse.

Wishing to do right, and yet with a fierce desire to save herself and profit by Lydia's shabby haggling, poor Pauline despised herself for her wavering. Just then she fancied the birthday ring tightened on her finger. Mein lieber Ich! She had done a foolish action, and she now resolved to accept the consequences bravely. For once she would be 'herself.'

'Excuse me,' she now made haste to say, 'I can't allow you to make any difference for me. I will take the spoon, but only at the regular price.'

The clerk smiled in grateful relief, and Lydia received the spoon with all the joy of a child. Then they parted.

Pauline then started off, soberly, and without even an inward comment on the spoon transaction, to call on Miss Murdock. Miss Murdock was afflicted by being so tremendously stout that she could scarcely move across the room. She was quite poor, and was cared for by a niece. Because their birthdays came on the same day, and because Miss Murdock in her childhood had been a playmate and neighbor of Pauline's mother she had been in the habit of making her a call with a gift on that day.

Having no gift now, Pauline felt obliged to be more entertaining than usual. But, nevertheless, it was apparent that a gift was expected; and as time wore on and none was produced, Miss Murdock grew palpably despondent. As for the niece, a most disagreeable woman at best, her growing sullenness was frightful to contemplate.

The pointedly expectant manner in which she fastened her gaze upon the bundle in Pauline's lap which contained the pretty new challie, kept Pauline glued to her chair. She had not the moral courage to get up and go without making the customary offering. She had nothing to give, and they had no right to expect anything, she reasoned, miserably.

At last, however, she could endure it no longer. Mein lieber Ich was frozen entirely by the cold eye of Miss Murdock's niece. In utter desperation Pauline rose and with tears of disappointment standing in her eyes, she laid the bundle containing her lovely heliotrope challie in Miss Murdock's lap.

'My birthday gift to you, Miss Murdock. It will make you a pretty wrapper. I hope you'll like it.' And mumbling a farewell, she rushed from the room.

Toward dusk, as Mr. Granger was resting on the lounge in his cheery parlor, a limping step sounded in the hall. 'Who comes here?' he called, gaily. 'My Polly?'

Pauline dragged her weary feet to her father's couch and sank down beside him half laughing, half crying.

'I don't know, father, dear, who it is. I'm just worse than any composite photograph you ever saw. I'm afraid I am, as the scientist says, "a part of all that I have met." It is lucky for me that like the old woman who had her petticoats cut off on the king's highway, I've somebody at home to tell me if I be I, or if I be not I.'

'Why, Polly!'

'Yes, for I've been Nelly Robinson, and the Gibson girls, and Lydia and Miss Murdock's niece; and I've done everything I shouldn't do and didn't want to do, just because I forgot to be, or hadn't the courage to be, my real self. I believe I was just Polly only once.' And then followed a detailed account of all that had happened.

'Good for my little Polly!' said her father, cheerily. 'You've scored one, anyway. I was right you see, after all. Mein lieber Ich is a pretty slippery fellow, but now that your attention has been drawn to it, perhaps you will grow brave enough to keep a stronger grip. How giddy poor old Miss Murdock will look in your flowered gown! Never mind, sweetheart, because you were Polly even once this day, you shall have another one!'

## Helen's Easter Vacation.

(Mary Elizabeth Hallock in 'New York Observer.')

There was a banging of trunks through the college corridors, the railway agents were jingling their checks, and girls were hastening, all prepared for the journey, to their last recitations. Some who had finished early were even saying good-by.

A merry group came hastening across the campus.

'This snow will all be gone when we come back,' cried one, 'and the lawns will be fresh and green.'

'Yes,' said a tall senior in cap and gown, 'and all along the library there we shall find the crocuses peeping up. There is nothing quite like a spring term at college,' she continued, to the freshman at her side, 'the mountains are a daily revelation, the woods and fields fairly glow with blossoms. I never saw such a place before I came here.'

Then with hasty good-byes, they parted, the tall senior to go to her home in Boston, and the freshman, whose home was in the far West, to make her first visit to an aunt and cousins in the western part of the State.

She was a dainty traveller, too, with her quiet manner and her neat travelling suit, and to the sturdy young giant on the platform at M——, she seemed the personification of all that is sweet and lady-like.

As no other passenger got off the train, he advanced rather shyly:

'Is this cousin Helen?' he asked.

'Why, yes,' she said, smiling, 'that is, if you are cousin Remsen Fairville.'

After a cordial greeting, he led the way into the queer little station and produced a bundle of shawls, coats and such things half as large as herself.

'Mother sent these, and you are to put them on,' he said.

'Oh, I couldn't,' she said, in dismay. 'Besides, I am very warmly dressed.'

'But mother knows best,' he urged, and in five minutes she was so wrapped and bundled that her best friend would not have known her, and as a crowning glory, a scarlet shawl was tied about her head.

Then they went to the rear of the station, where they found a great sled and a young man carefully putting her trunk into it.

'He must be an estimable young man to treat my trunk so,' thought this maiden who in her travels had often had occasion to watch her trunk with anxious eyes.

'This is George,' said Remsen.

'I am so glad to see you, Cousin Helen,' he said, and then with a teasing laugh, 'or I shall be when I get a chance!'

'Never mind him,' Remsen said, 'here is a hot soapstone mother sent for your feet,' and he wrapped her about with the buffalo robes.

'Buffalo robes,' thought Helen, 'a sled and scarcely a bit of snow, wrappings six inches deep, hot stones for your feet. What can we be coming to?'

As they went scraping along the road, Remsen said:

'You'll find it a long way, cousin, and a cold one, but we can make some stopping places if you get too tired.'

Then they turned from the valley road and began climbing the shady side of a hill where the snow was deep and the air was chill. Up, up they went for miles and miles, and every turn of the road opened up new beauties before their eyes. Range upon range of hills rose in the distance, their tops looking bright against the sky and the ravines lying dark in the shadow. Here at their right a stream with icy border dashed down to the valley below. Beside the road Christmas ferns peeped out from the snow.

'She is a very quiet little girl,' thought the cousins.

'I never saw anything like it,' she said, looking up. 'One seems so near to heaven here.'

'You will see the sunset when we turn this hill,' said Remsen, and a moment later they beheld the western summits bathed in glory. He drew the rein and for a few moments they all sat gazing at the wonderful sight; but the sun had almost disappeared behind the hills, and when at last it sank, leaving a warm glow on mountain and cloud, they drove on.

Helen drew her coat more closely about her.

'Tired, little cousin?' asked Remsen.

'Not very, but isn't it a long way?' she asked.

'Fourteen miles in all,' answered George, cheerfully.

Helen gave a little gasp.

'And just two more to go,' added Remsen.

The two miles were soon passed, when the barking of a dozen dogs and the lights from the farmhouse told her that they were at their destination at last.

'How do you do, my dear,' cried a cheery voice, as a comfortable little woman opened the door and drew her into the bright, warm sitting-room. As there was not a single available place to kiss, she began to take off the numerous wrappings.

'There!' she said, when at last Helen was free, and gave her a warm, motherly embrace. 'You must be cold, I'm sure.'

Soon they were all seated at a delicious hot supper in the great dining-room which served as both dining-room and kitchen in winter. Such bread and butter and cream, such baked potatoes, such maple syrup, Helen was sure she never tasted before.

Much to George's delight, Helen was found nodding long before the early bed-time had come, so aunt Margaret carried her off to bed.

'I'm sorry you will not see Willard tonight,' said aunt Margaret; 'but he is away on an errand and will not be home for some time. But there will be time for everything to-morrow,' and she tucked her in and kissed her good-night.

'When would you like to be wakened in the morning, Helen?'

'Oh, almost any time, auntie.'

'Very well, very well,' was the cheery response, 'we always get up about that time.'

How the wind blew! The house seemed fairly to rock. But Helen soon fell asleep wondering what she should think of Willard and how she should like George with his teasing ways.

The morning sun sent one impertinent ray through a tiny crack of the shutter into Helen's eyes, which fled away when she opened them. For a moment she lay looking at the quaint old pictures on the walls, and the furniture just as old and quaint, and the rugs which a seafaring uncle had brought from Paris. Then she quickly dressed and threw open the shutters.

'What a beautiful world!' she exclaimed, as she looked about at the snowy amphitheatre of hills. Then she went downstairs to find aunt Margaret busy in the great sunny dining-room. A lad of fourteen sat in the midst of a great array of tools.

'Good-morning, my dear,' said aunt Margaret, 'did you sleep well? This is your cousin Willard.'

Helen cordially offered her hand, which the boy scarcely touched, and looking down, he murmured something about being glad to see her.

'You'll find your breakfast hot in the little oven, Helen. If you don't mind putting it on the table, I'll finish this bit of work.'

'But I must be very late.'

'Not at all. You were to be called at almost any time, you know, and I knew you needed the rest. Remsen wants you to go to the barn with him, though, and you will have to hurry a little to be ready in time.'

As Helen ate her breakfast, aunt Margaret kept chatting on in the most cheery way about a dozen interesting things. Helen knew that the young cobbler was taking an opportunity to glance at her occasionally, and when at last he brushed up the bits of leather that were lying about, and started off to school, she knew that he carried with him a decided opinion of his cousin Helen.

'He's a very good boy,' aunt Margaret said, 'but bashful. You will be good friends, I know.'

'Good-morning, little cousin,' said Remsen, coming in at the moment. 'The cattle, the horses, the pigs and the little dogs are all waiting to see you. Mother, where's a shawl?'

She was soon tripping out by his side to the great barn. 'Sic! Sic!' a stealthy voice cried, and in an instant they were surrounded by a barking, tumbling mass of dogs. Helen clung to her cousin's arm in terror.

'It's only your cousin George,' he laughed. 'The dogs won't hurt you. Down, Major! Down, Jack!'

He threw open the barn door and displayed one of the finest herds in New England. How proud Remsen was of his cattle!

'This is my little beauty,' he said, stroking the nose of a calf which looked at him with great affectionate eyes. It was beautiful to Helen to see how he loved all these creatures and how they loved him. As they went from one to another, he explained their good points and told of prizes they had received at the fairs. The little pigs and the colts had to be visited, and then George declared that she must come and see his dogs. 'I have a lot of puppies,' he said, and sure enough there were tiny Scotch collies, Scotch collies of maturer growth, and great noble animals who had been trained to all sorts of duties.

Even George was satisfied with Helen's admiration of them. Then she went into the house and donned an apron and made herself useful in various little ways while aunt Margaret told her of Miriam, who was a trained nurse in the hospital. 'And my boys,' she added, 'are such blessings. I suppose every mother thinks her own children the best, but I do feel proud of mine.'

That night, as they went jingling off to the village for the mail, Helen spoke to Remsen of their happy home.

'We owe everything to mother,' he said. 'I don't believe anyone has a mother quite equal to ours.'

Oh, those pleasant restful vacation days that Helen spent among the hills! Willard taught her the short cut through the woods. He showed her where the ground pine grew, and many were the treasures of mosses and lichens and trailing green vines they found under the snow. Everyone in the family was interested in their discoveries. In fact, in that family, what was of interest to one was always of interest to the others.

When they went to prayer meeting, the village folks regarded Helen with kindly curiosity, especially when, the organist being absent, she consented to play the little old organ. The reverent prayers and the hearty singing did her a world of good, even though the words were not always the choicest nor the voices trained most carefully. It was the true heart-service that touched her.

After the service the gray-haired pastor thanked her gently. 'I knew your father, child,' he said, holding her hand between his. 'William was a good boy. He always learned his lessons.'

Yes, her father had once been a part of this sturdy New England life. And he had always despised shams, and was so good and true.

'Auntie,' she said one day, 'I wonder if people are so much better up here among the hills. They seem so to me.'

'Perhaps they are,' she answered. 'At any rate, they live such quiet lives that thoughts of God are not crowded out as they are apt to be from the minds of overworked city people. And then you will notice that in our community the mothers are for the most part consecrated women.'

And now the vacation was fast coming to a close. Helen had seen the sap collected from the sugar maple trees, she had watched them boil it to syrup in the sugar-house, and, best of all, George had taught her to 'sugar off' on the soft white snow. She had gathered her trophies from the woods, and now she must say good-by.

'I have learned so much since I came, auntie,' said Helen, affectionately, 'I'm sure I must be better for it.'

'And you have brought a great deal of sunshine to us all, dear. You have brightened us up more than you know. Come to us whenever you can. Make this your second home. You will always find a warm welcome in our hearts for you.'

And now the long journey from the hills was over, and the cousins had sadly tucked a great bundle of wrappings under the seat and turned the horses' heads homeward, for the train had carried cousin Helen far from sight.

And when she returned to college, it really seemed that she had stepped from winter into spring. There were the green lawns, and the crocuses and the brook singing its spring song.

On the campus she met the tall senior, who greeted her cordially.

'You look as though you had learned a great deal,' she said.

'A great deal,' laughed Helen, 'but Shakespeare has expressed it in just two lines:

"True worth is more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."'.

And with that she hurried off to her first recitation.

## Dr. Good in Africa.

(Extract from 'A Life for Africa,' by Ellen C. Parsons, M.A., Editor of 'Woman's Work for Woman.')

As I go from village to village the crowd increases, until they swarm behind and on both sides, forming a half-circle, of which I am the centre. As all are talking at the highest pitch of their voices, the noise is simply distracting. Out of the babel I catch such exclamations as 'O my mother!' 'Isn't he a beauty?' 'Is it really myself? 'And am *I dead*?' and others that will not bear repetition. These from the ladies. The men are more dignified, but more disagreeable. They would crowd into the places next me, and as we went on through the towns would act as if they had me in charge, telling me when to stop and giving all sorts of directions. To the crowds of new-comers they would shout information about me and the object of my journey, so absurdly false that I often felt bound to stop and try to correct the impression they were giving. This was not easy. If I said, 'I have come to tell you about God, and not to buy rubber and ivory,' someone who had heard rumors of what we teach would begin shouting an outline of our teachings, but such a caricature of the truth as made me shudder.

Disgusted at last beyond endurance, I would attempt to silence the worst offender, usually the man who was following close at my heels, who for the last half-hour had been shouting information into my ears. I would turn and tell him that he knew nothing about me and that I should myself stop in a little while and talk to the people. At this he would laugh as much as to say, 'I have gotten the "thing" started to talk,' and then shout to the crowd behind what I had said, as if it had been the performance of a parrot. By this time I was getting out of humor, and requested him in plain terms to keep quiet. At this he would laugh again, and shout to the people behind, "He says to keep quiet.' Then I would explain, 'It is not the people behind whose noise is troubling me; it is you, who are walking close to me and shouting in my ears.' But it was useless; he would turn to the crowd and abuse them for making such a noise, shouting, if possible, louder than ever.

Then, if I was wise, I gave it up and went on, allowing him to say what he pleased. But sometimes I was too angry to be wise, and I would get after the fellow and make him think, at least, that I was going to chastise him. Then he would at last realize that I meant him, and would not speak above a whisper, and would try by gestures to keep others from doing so. Dead silence followed, save the noise we made in walking. Manwhile we had arrived at another village, and you can imagine the result of the whole crowd walking in silence and by frantic gestures giving the village the impression that I was some sort of a monster that might be rendered dangerous by the least noise. This was worse than noise, so I would explain that I had no objection to talking if they would not yell. Then they would start again, softly at first, but little by little the volume increased till there was the same babel as before.

Then the crowd clamor for me to stop, that they may take a good look at me. As I have reached the centre of the village, I accede to their request. Standing in the middle of the street, they form a circle around me, men in front, women for the most part behind and trying to steal up close to examine something without being observed. I turn my head, and at once there

is a scream and stampede; but only for a moment; they soon return, but more cautiously. Silence, or something approaching it, follows, while all indulge in one long, intense stare, during which only a camera could depict the various expressions in their faces. Then we have a dog-fight. Every man's cur from all the villages we have passed followed his master, and the dogs of the village in which we are stopping object to their presence.

Meanwhile the chief is not being noticed, and must make himself known. Stepping into the middle of the circle and raising his staff as if to chastise the crowd, he begins, in what seems a fearful passion, to abuse everybody for treating the white man in such outrageous fashion. As he is only talking for the white man's benefit, I silence him.

Then comes a request to remove my hat that they may see my hair. This reasonable request I always grant, and am rewarded by a chorus of complimentary exclamations. Next, no matter how much I had been talking, some one would ask, 'Can he talk?' This question I would answer by some trivial remark, which would be received with a volley of laugher. Then they ask questions just to get me to speak. Then follow requests to take off my shoes or other parts of my clothing, that they may see whether I was really like one of themselves; attempts to induce me to buy ivory or rubber, offers of marriage, requests for gifts, to show my trade goods, compass, note-book, etc.

When I thought their curiosity had been sufficiently sated, I would attempt to tell them why I had come among them, and to give them some idea of the gospel and their need of it.

These scenes, with numberless variations, are repeated as we pass through town after town, till at last we must stop for the night. If only one could escape the noisy crowds then, that would nerve him to endure the babel of the day. But the worst is to come. I get a house, put my goods, and carriers inside, and in order to give them a chance to unpack and prepare supper I stay in the street talking to the people. At last I am tired, and tell them they must go home and let me rest. Needless to say, they do not go. As soon as I am inside the house they crowd round the door. If I shut it (the only opening in the walls of a Bulu house) it is quite dark; besides, the cooking is being done over an open fire, and the smoke is suffocating. But it may as well be shut as blocked by heads and shoulders of the crowd. Sometimes I try reasoning with them. 'I want to be quiet and rest.' 'But we want to see you,' they reply. 'Is this a proper way to treat a visitor?' 'No,' they all agree. 'Then why don't you go away and leave me?' 'We want to see you.' So I shut the door, preferring smoke to the crowd. Sometimes I go out into the street and call to the people 'whether I am to have a house, or whether I must go on to the next town.' By this means I gain my point. At last I am in my smoky den, and the crowd shut out. But I am not hidden yet. When I light my tallow candle every crack and crevice becomes a peep-hole; and I eat my supper knowing that eyes are watching every movement.

Gradually the noise subsides, and apparently they have become tired and gone away; but only apparently. A few are waiting to see the white man go to bed, and they do not attempt to conceal their disgust when he blows out his candle before his undressing.

Now, I can stand this sort of thing for three or four days quite philosophically, but after about a week of it I become nervous and irritable. Certainly, if I should ever visit a menagerie again, and see a monkey with a crowd around its cage, exclaiming, as it scratches its head or takes a bite of food, 'How funny! How very human!' I shall profoundly sympathize with the monkey.

But I cannot stop here, or I shall give a false impression. All this is curiosity, not hostility or dislike. Impertinent and selfish it undoubtedly was, but everywhere the intention was to treat me well. And when I have been able to walk, with only two carriers, more than two hundred miles going and coming, through a part of Africa where a white man was never before seen, without meeting the first symptoms of hostility, certainly I ought not to complain if the people were unpleasantly curious. This trip has convinced me that any prudent man can go as far as the Bulu language extends and preach the gospel without hindrance.

## Two Burton Pigs.

(Mrs. J. Alexander Smith in 'The Adviser.')

A gentleman, who was once in the brewery trade in Burton-on-Trent, told me the other day a strange story, which I will tell to you so that you can pass it on to others. It is a story about pigs! I can almost see you laughing, and wondering whatever a story about pigs can possibly have to do with a temperance magazine. You will perhaps wonder also whatever anybody could possibly learn from a pig. When you have read my story then you will understand. I am going to tell you something which will perhaps astonish you, for I do not think you ever before heard of drunken pigs, nor did you know that pigs were fond of barm—but I will tell you all about it.

TWO BURTON PIGS.

No doubt you know that Burton-on-Trent is the place where most of the beer is made. There are many large breweries there, and when you go through the railway station by train you see hundreds and thousands of barrels piled up in pyramid fashion. In a place where so much beer is made there is naturally a great deal of barm, and a great deal of waste barm, for it increases in volume very rapidly. Much of this barm is 'compressed,' as they say in the trade, or in other words, the alcohol is taken away from it and it is packed off in bags to Germany, from whence it returns to us as German yeast. What is not wanted is given to the pigs to eat. It is good for pigs, and they like it very much. In the story told me by the ex-brewer the pigs in question were fed on the barm in a liquid condition, that is, before it had been 'compressed,' or before the alcohol had been taken away from it. The pigs drank it greedily. They did not know it would do them harm, and took in ignorance and in trust what was set before them. The consequence was that they were soon lying quite drunk and incapable at the bottom of the sty—senseless and stupid.

'Silly old pigs!' said a little boy laughing, as he passed along; 'silly, drunken old pigs!'

'No, not silly,' answered the gentleman; 'the pigs did not know what effect the barm would have upon them, or they would have been far too sensible to take it. They trusted those who ought to have known better, and they are suffering for it.'

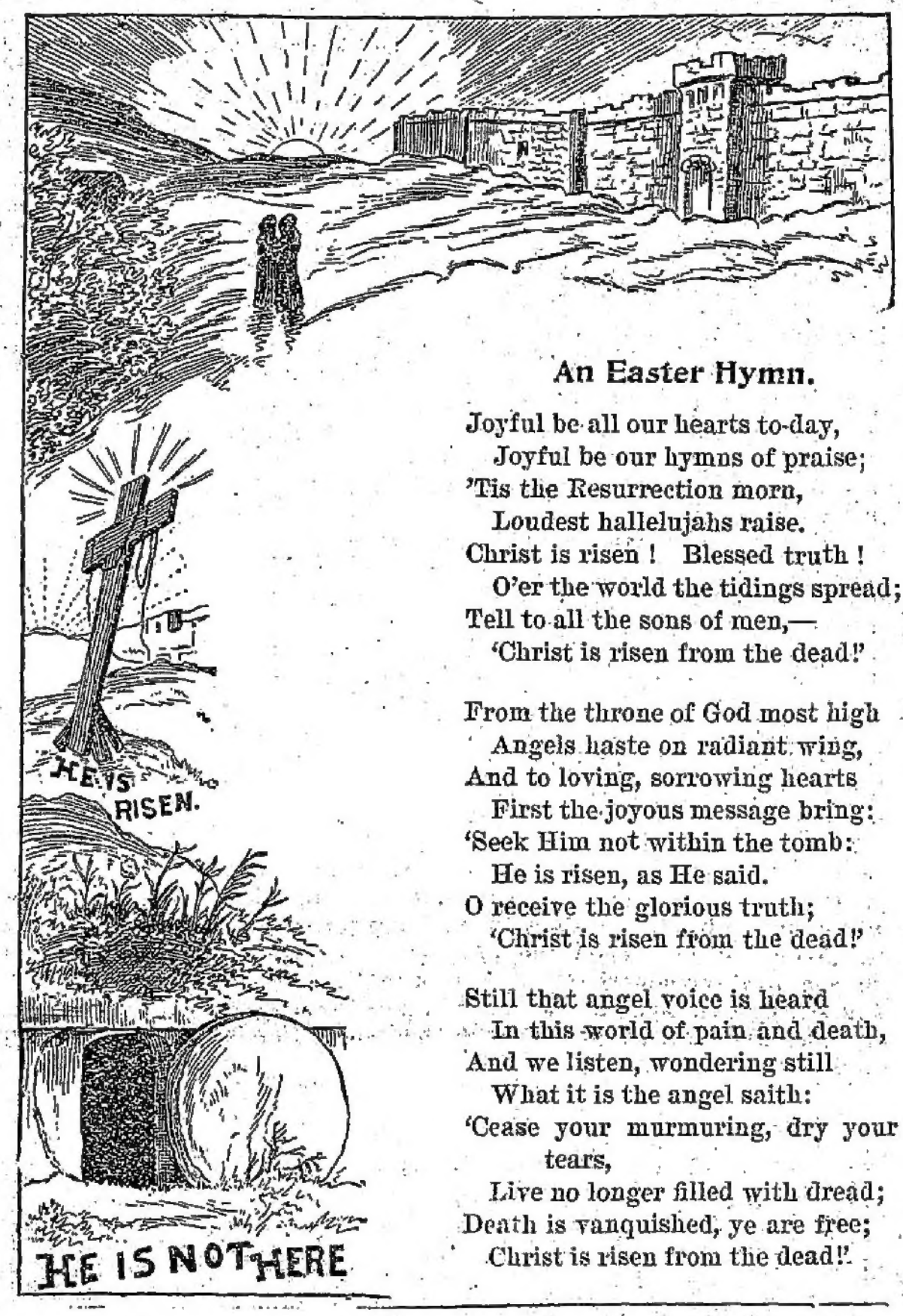
Men, and, alas! women, too, drink too much, knowing that they will sink lower than the beasts that perish—knowing the sin and yet committing it. The bad effect of alcohol on a pig is a bodily effect only, a paralysis of the body. In a man it is in addition to this a paralysis of the brain as well. It means loss of will-power, loss of memory, loss of understanding—worst of all, it means loss of spiritual grace, and loss of purity in the sight of the all-holy God. It is men and women who are 'silly,' not the poor ignorant and irresponsible pigs.

'Poor old pigs,' said a little pitiful girl as she passed the sty.

'Ah! that is better,' said the gentleman. What a great healer pity is in this sad world. Do not laugh at the drunkard, do not ridicule him. Ridicule never saved anybody. Pity him, if you like. Poor man! poor woman!

Sometimes they are just as ignorant as the two Burton pigs who drank what was put before them. They are persuaded by evil companions, and before they knew where they are they have put the 'enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains,' as the poet says.

Poor, ignorant souls! and they are not like the pigs, for they will be persuaded a second time and a third time, and times without number.




## An Easter Hymn.

Joyful be all our hearts to-day,
  Joyful be our hymns of praise;
'Tis the Resurrection morn,
  Loudest hallelujahs raise.
Christ is risen! Blessed truth!
  O'er the world the tidings spread;
Tell to all the sons of men,—
  'Christ is risen from the dead!'

From the throne of God most high
  Angels haste on radiant wing,
And to loving, sorrowing hearts
  First the joyous message bring:
'Seek Him not within the tomb:
  He is risen, as He said.
O receive the glorious truth;
  'Christ is risen from the dead!'

Still that angel voice is heard
  In this world of pain and death,
And we listen, wondering still
  What it is the angel saith:
'Cease your murmuring, dry your tears,
  Live no longer filled with dread;
Death is vanquished, ye are free;
  Christ is risen from the dead!'

## A Message of Hope.

'The express delivery waggon has gone by, and my Easter hat hasn't come. I'm as provoked as can be! I think Aunt Harriet is real mean. I shan't go to church one step to-morrow, that's certain.'

'How you do talk, Evelyn! I am surprised to hear you.'

'Well, mother, I had my heart set on having that hat to wear to-morrow. Of course I want it for Easter. I don't care now whether it ever comes. I hadn't told any of the girls that I was expecting a new hat from the city, except Gertrude, and she promised not to tell. I want to see that lovely gauze ribbon with the watered stripe, and the beautiful flowers Aunt Harriet wrote she had selected.'

'Perhaps it will rain to-morrow; it looks like it. You would not wear your new hat then, if you did have it.'

'Yes, I would, too, mamma. We don't live far from church, and I couldn't possibly keep it one whole week in the house without showing it to the girls. It is the worst disappointment I could have, not getting that Easter hat to-night,' and Evelyn burst into a torrent of tears.

'The worst disappointment you could have, Evelyn? My child, I cannot bear to hear you talk in such an unreasonable way. When you have lived as long as I have, you will find that such a disappointment as this is very trifling in consideration of greater and more vital ones that may come to you. You know I do not feel as you do about new clothes for Easter.'

'So long as I cannot have my new hat to wear, I hope it will pour as hard as ever it can, and then I can have a good excuse to stay at home; it will be stress of weather then instead of stress of Easter hat.'

Mrs. Wilmot sighed, and a troubled look came over her face. It was very hard to reason with this impetuous daughter. 'I am sorry to have you disappointed, Evelyn. Probably the hat was sent in time, but has been delayed in some way. Aunt Harriet is always prompt.'

'Don't talk any more about it, please. I'm perfectly wretched over the matter. Whether it rains or shines I shall not go to church to-morrow, and that settles it.'

It was midnight, Evelyn had fallen asleep in a very unpleasant state of mind, and her dreams were not the most peaceful. She was startled from her sleep by hearing her mother's voice: 'Evelyn, little Dorothy has the croup, and I wish you would get right up and go for William, and tell him to get the doctor as quickly as possible.'

Little Dorothy, the darling of the household, with the croup! Evelyn sprang out of bed and put her clothes on in a very few minutes. William, who attended to Mr. Wilmot's furnace and did chores at the barn, lived in the street back of the house. Mr. Wilmot was away on business and would not be able to get home until after Easter.

The doctor was soon in the house, but he looked very grave, and said there was not a moment to lose. All the household were awakened and assisted the mother and daughter in their efforts to restore the little treasure of the home.

When morning came it was cloudy; the sun shone out for a few minutes at different times, but none of the Wilmot family went to church that day. Evelyn had given no thought to her Easter hat. If God should take little Dorothy away! Oh, if he should, what would they do, how could they live without her? And papa to lose his darling while he was gone!

Evelyn threw herself on her knees by her bed 'O God,' she cried, 'spare us our baby, the dearly loved little sister!' The thought of what her mother said to her the night before, that disappointments of much greater moment than the loss of an Easter hat could come to one. 'I have been a wicked girl, O Lord. Forgive me that I thought more of my new hat than of the beautiful lessons of thy Resurrection Day.'

It was an anxious day. Friends came and went and offered their services of love. But before the sun set on that Easter day the good Shepherd had come and gathered the suffering lamb to his bosom. Oh, the wonderful glory of the Resurrection! The blessed truth that the little one had gone to be forever with the Lord. Gone from the arms of the loved ones on earth into the arms of the blessed Jesus before it had learned anything of the sorrows, the sufferings, and the evils of the world. But, oh, the lonely, empty cradle, the aching arms that long to fold the little one once more close to the mother's loving breast!

Early on Monday morning the express waggon came to the door and rang the bell on which was tied the white emblem of death. It was the box containing the Easter hat.

'Oh, mamma, dear mamma, I can never look at that hat. How little

I thought so much sorrow could come to one in such a little time. I shall never, never forget how I talked and felt about such a frivolous thing as a hat! God forgive me, and you too, my dear, good mother.'

'Yes, my dear child. Young people do not realize oftentimes how much they trust their happiness to the things that are of little moment, and how they allow themselves to become unfitted for the great and momentous things of life.'

'Poor papa!' exclaimed Evelyn. 'I am all the child he has left now, and I will do the best and be the best I can to you both, God helping me.'

When the little grave was made in the cemetery lot where the bluebirds and robins had come to herald the coming of spring, this sweet message of hope came to the three loved ones who stood beside it: 'I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live again.' 'And I give them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.' Little Dorothy was not lost, only gone before.—Susan Teall Perry in 'The Evangelist.'

## Hetty Dever's Self-Denial Gift.

(Belle V. Chisholm in 'Christian Work.')

It was home missionary day in Sweetbrier Church. The Sunday-schools in the presbytery to which Sweetbrier belonged had undertaken to support a home missionary of their own out among the wilds of the far West, and Sweetbrier's quota having fallen short, the scholars were invited to make a special offering on that day—a self-denial offering—large enough to redeem the good name of the school, and at the same time add to the comfort of the missionary's family by paying in full the amount promised. Little eight-year-old Hetty Dever belonged to Miss Allen's class, and the day the teacher told the little girls about the sufferings of the missionary's family because the people did not send the minister the money they had promised him, there were tears of pity in her brown eyes, and she eagerly consented to practice self-denial during the next two weeks, to help make up the amount of salary overdue. She meant to keep this promise, too, when she gave it, but she was a little selfish as well as forgetful, and long before the fortnight had expired, her futile attempts to do without candy had not only ceased, but she had forgotten all about the promise so readily and cheerfully given. Late Saturday evening Nanny Walsh told her that Susie Hill had earned a quarter by staying at home from the children's concert, and that she herself had denied herself to the amount of fifty cents by doing without sugar in her coffee.

'But you could not use fifty cents' worth of sugar in your coffee in two weeks,' said Hetty, a little envious at Nannie's success. 'Why, that would be ten pounds, five pounds a week.'

'I didn't say I used that much,' snapped Nannie. 'But if mamma chooses to pay me that amount, it is nobody's business but her own.'

'Of course not,' admitted Hetty, hurrying home to ask her own mamma if there was anything to be done by which she might earn a half-dollar. But there wasn't; the time was too short, so Hetty told her father about the money that was to be raised, and without asking her any questions, he gave her a half-dollar, and Uncle John, who had come to spend the night, added another half-dollar to her father's gift, and Hetty went to bed, pleased that her offering would be larger than either Nannie's or Susie's on the morrow.

The teacher gave her an approving look when she handed in her dollar, and though Hetty was a good little girl and thought she loved the Saviour, she felt very important when it was announced that one little girl had actually earned a whole dollar by her praiseworthy self-denial efforts. Then the pastor reminded the donors that Christ was sitting over against the treasury, and knew all about the little sacrifices they had made.

'Oh, dear! Then he knows that I did not deny myself one bit to earn that dollar,' gasped Hetty, under her breath.

Just then the bell rang and Hetty went to her father's pew. But she did not hear much of the sermon that day, for no matter where she looked, she felt that Jesus's reproving eyes were upon her, and that he would not accept that dollar which she dropped into the treasury.

'I can never, never be happy again until Miss Allen knows all about it,' she soliloquized. With this thought uppermost in her mind, she sought her teacher as soon as the service closed, and with a heavy heart, said,

'Miss Allen, can't you get that dollar back?'

'Back!' echoed Miss Allen in surprise. 'Why, Hetty, dear, you are not sorry you gave to Jesus, are you?'

'Oh, no! not that,' sobbed Hetty, 'but it was not a self-denial dollar, for I did not do without something I wanted to earn it. Papa and my Uncle John just gave it to me, and I made believe that I earned it.'

'Oh, you did not say how you got it, dear,' said Miss Allen, soothingly.

'No, but I acted like as if I had denied myself to get it, and when Mr. Bay told about it and looked at me, I felt proud and wanted everybody to know who that little girl was. Won't you tell Mr. Bay, and ask him to credit the money to papa and Uncle John? You know Jesus is sitting over against the treasury, and he knows I tried to deceive you and him too.'

'Of course I shall tell him if you wish,' said Miss Allen, quietly.

'And then Jesus will forgive me?' questioned Hetty, looking wistfully into her teacher's face.

'Yes, dear, if you ask him I am sure he will,' responded the teacher, kindly.

'I have asked him over and over again,' returned Hetty, as Miss Allen crossed the aisle to speak to the superintendent.

'I must be more careful about the requirements I make in the future,' said Mr. Bay, after listening to Hetty's confession through her teacher. 'Perhaps she is not the only "little one offended" in the day's offering. Self-denial gifts are always acceptable to the Master, but there is no safer way of teaching children to give than the one laid down in the Bible—that of systematic tithing, and it is as safe as it is sure.'—'Christian Work.'

## Their Easter.

They are such poor little children, most of them, that you would feel sorry for them. But when you saw the two lovely kindergartners you would not feel so sorry; you would know that any little boy or girl who had such friends could not be very poor. These children have a number of young girl friends whom they do not know—young girls who have made this kindergarten possible in this neighborhood. As Easter came near, these young girls asked the kindergartners what they could do for these little children that would give them a happy Easter. They were told to make each child a rabbit. The rabbits were made, and just before Easter the festival was held. The children sang their songs, and played their games, and then one rabbit was taken out of a box. The moment the children saw it they shouted with delight. The kindergartner told a story about a rabbit, and then she gave it to one little boy to hold. He stroked and smoothed it, and then asked if he might kiss it. When he had kissed it, the rabbit was passed around the circle. After each had held it a little while, the children were asked if they would each like to have a little rabbit for their very own. These little children seemed to think this was too much to expect, and looked charmed at the mere suggestion. When the boxes were taken out, and the children saw that they each were to have a rabbit, they jumped up and down in wild excitement.

They loved and stroked and kissed the rabbits, wild with delight. It was a cold day, and when they went home they carefully covered the rabbits with their coats.—'Outlook.'

LESSON II.—APRIL 9.

## The Anointing In Bethany.

John xii., 1-11. Memory verses, 1-3. Compare Matt. xxvi., 1-13; Mark xiv., 3-9.

### Golden Text.

'She hath done what she could.'—Mark xiv., 8.

### Home Readings.

M. John xii., 1-11.—The Anointing at Bethany.
T. Mark xiv., 1-9.—Christ's commendation.
W. Luke vii., 36-50.—Grateful love.
T. Luke x., 38-42.—The good part.
F. Phil. iii., 1-12.—All for Christ.
S. Mark xii., 38-44.—All she had.
S. I. John iv., 10-19.—'He first loved us.'

### Lesson Story.

We now come to the last week before the Crucifixion. After the raising of Lazarus, the chief priests and Pharisees had held a council and decided to kill the Saviour as soon as possible, because so many people were believing on him.

Jesus then took his disciples to the little city Ephraim some distance north of Jerusalem and stayed there quietly teaching them for a few weeks. They needed special teaching and comfort that they might be able to teach the people after Jesus was gone.

Six days before the Passover Jesus came to Bethany, and they made a supper for him at which Lazarus was also a guest and Martha served. Mary, filled with love and gratitude for the raising of her brother Lazarus, brought an alabaster box containing a pound of most precious perfumed ointment, and breaking the box anointed the head and feet of our Lord. With her long beautiful hair she then wiped his feet, and the exquisite odor of the ointment filled the house.

This beautiful tribute of love and respect was greatly appreciated by our Lord. But Judas Iscariot grumbled and growled that this great sum of money should not have been 'wasted' in this way, but should have been given to the poor. The awful truth was that Judas was a thief and took for his own use the money intrusted to him for the poor.

When Jesus heard the complaints against Mary's offering, he was displeased with the meanness of mind which could not comprehend such devotion. 'Let her alone,' he said sharply to the cavillers. 'Against the day of my burying hath she kept this. The poor ye have always with you; but me ye have not always. She hath done what she could. Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her.'

Many of the common people when they knew that Jesus was in Bethany came to see him and to see also Lazarus whom Jesus had raised from the dead. So the chief priests determined to put Lazarus also to death, because through him many were believing on the Lord Jesus.

### The Bible Class

'Anointing.'—Exod. xxix., 7, 21; xxx., 22-38; Psa. cxxxiii., 1, 2; xlv., 7; cv., 15; I. Sam. x., 1; Isa. lxi., 1; Acts x., 38; I. John ii., 27.

'The poor.'—Exod. xxiii., 6, 9; xxx., 15; Deut. xv., 7-11; xxiv., 12-15; Job. xxix., 12-16; Psa. xli., 1; lxxii., 2, 4, 12; Prov. x., 4, 15; xiv., 21, 31; xix., 1, 17; Isa. xxv., 4; xli., 17; lviii., 5-8; Matt. v., 3; xi., 5; xix., 21; xxvi., 11; Mark xii., 42, 43; Luke iv., 18; vi., 20; xiv., 13, 21; Jas. ii., 2-6; Rev. iii., 17; II. Cor. viii., 9.

### Suggestions.

The beautiful home at Bethany where Jesus loved to rest was kept by the busy Martha and her quiet sister Mary. These unselfish, true, holy women were ever ready to welcome the Saviour, each in her own way worshipping him. (Luke x., 38-42.) Both faith and works are necessary in our worship, but the faith which first learns its lesson at the feet of Jesus will in the end bring forth the most acceptable service and sacrifice.

Mary's gift to Jesus was such as was only fit for a king, and if it had been for any lesser person would indeed have been a foolish waste, for the city was full of poor to whom it might have meant food and clothing for many a day. This ointment of spikenard is reckoned to have been worth about four hundred dollars, according to presnt currency, and probably had been secured with great self-denial on Mary's part. Tennyson in his 'In Memoriam' very beautifully describes Mary's loving deed after the raising of her brother:

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,
Nor other thought her mind admits
But, he was dead, and there he sits,
And He that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede
All other, when her ardent gaze
Roves from the living brother's face,
And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,
Borne down by gladness so complete,
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
With costly spikenard and with tears.

The house was filled with the odor, and wherever the gospel story is told this same precious odor pervades the hearts of true believers and inspires in them like deeds of loving sacrifice.

Judas, the traitor, the thief, objected to this sacrifice, and so represented it to the other disciples that they joined him in objecting. The good is ever the enemy of the best, had this money been given to the poor or spent in some other good way, our Saviour would have missed one of the sweetest and most touching tributes of love which has been recorded. He knew that within a week from this time he must go through every form of pain and sorrow ending in the humiliation of the cross. He alone knew what comfort this token of love and fellowship was to him in the dark hours which followed. Others brought their tributes to the dead, Mary had given hers to cheer the Son of Man while yet he lived and suffered. We must show our friends how we love and appreciate them while they are alive instead of waiting till death has put them past the need of appreciation.

Judas was a thief. Unhappy man! Yet many a self-satisfied man to-day carries the bag containing the riches intrusted to his care for God's work, and spends the money on himself. Not only our money, but our time, belongs to God, and must be spent for him instead of for ourselves.

### Questions.

1. How were the people affected by the raising of Lazarus?
2. What did the priests and rulers agree to do?
3. What did Mary do?
4. Was Jesus pleased with her?
5. What did Judas say? Why?
6. To whom does our money belong?

### Suggested Hymns.

'All for Jesus!' 'Saviour, Thy dying love,' 'Thy life was given for me,' 'My Jesus, I love Thee,' 'Take time to be holy,' 'Blessed Assurance.'

### Lesson Scheme.

The lessons for the second quarter, April to June:—

I. April 2.—The Raising of Lazarus.—John xi., 32-45.
II. April 9.—The Anointing at Bethany.—John xii., 1-11.
III. April 16.—Jesus Teaching Humility.—John xiii., 1-17.
IV. April 23.—Jesus the Way, and the Truth and the Life.—John xiv., 1-14.
V. April 30.—The Comforter Promised.—John xiv., 15-27.
VI. May 7.—The Vine and the Branches.—John xv., 1-11.
VII. May 14.—Christ Betrayed and Arrested.—John xviii., 1-14.
VIII. May 21.—Christ before the High Priest.—John xviii., 15-27.
IX. May 28.—Christ before Pilate.—John xviii., 28-40.
X. June 4.—Christ Crucified.—John xix., 17-30.
XI. June 11.—Christ Risen.—John xx., 11-20.
XII. June 18.—The New Life in Christ.—Col. iii., 1-15.
XIII.—June 25.—Review.

### Practical Points.

(BY A. H. CAMERON.)

Lazarus was a living epistle that proclaimed the resurrection (verses 1, 2).

Every little act of kindness done for Jesus will be rewarded (verse 3, 7).

But the devil will tell his agents to grumble and growl (verses 4, 5, 6).

Opportunities have wings and cannot be caught unless we fly after them (verse 8, Acts xxiv., 25).

The common people were greatly attracted by the person and work of Jesus (verse 9).

But the devil stirred up his agents to destroy every finger-post that might point the enquirer to eternal life (verses 10, 11).

Tiverton, Ont.

### C. E Topic.

April 9.—The holy garments.—Eph. iv., 20-24; Rom. vi., 4.

### Junior C. E.

April 9.—The least of Christ's brethren: how help them?—Matt. xxv., 31-46.

## The Catechism on Beer.

(By Julia Colman, National Temperance Publication House.)

LESSON VIII.—DRUNKENNESS ON BEER.

'A man is drunk when he is not perfectly sober.'

Does beer cause drunkenness?

It does cause drunkenness just in proportion to its alcoholic strength and the susceptibility of the drinker.

Why, then, do people say that the free use of beer will do away with drunkenness?

They may think so, or they may be misled by those who wish to make money out of the people.

Has anyone tried to have it used instead of stronger liquors?

It has been tried very fully in England for this very purpose.

In 1830 the Beer Act was passed by Parliament, making it very easy for anyone to get a license to open a beer-house. A fortnight after it went into effect Sir Sidney Smith, who had favored the bill, wrote that it was a failure. He says: 'The new bill has begun its operation. Everybody is drunk. Those who are not singing are sprawling.' Parliamentary committees summoned witnesses from all classes of society, who testified that the evils of intemperance had greatly increased.

Did beer take the place of stronger drinks, as had been planned?

'The sale of beer was increased, but the sale of spirituous liquors was not diminished' (London 'Times').

What effect has this had on the popular estimate of beer?

Englishmen now seldom pretend that beer is not intoxicating.

What does Joseph Livesey, of Preston, say?

He says that men who now get drunk on spirits began with beer.

Do they condemn table beer with its one or two percent of alcohol?

They find that even this will sometimes cause drunkenness.

Dr. Newman Hall says that his father, John Vine Hall, after giving up all stronger drinks, found that table beer would make him drunk, and he gave that up also.

What similar experiment has been made in the United States?

The popular introduction of lager-beer as a Temperance drink.

What has been the effect?

It has greatly increased the amount of drinking and drunkenness.

What is the effect of lager-drinking upon Germans?

The same as upon other people of the same temperament.

A German named Eopst testified in a New York court: 'I cannot drink but ein, swei, drei, without getting full, and then I tumbles over.' A reformed German says: 'People say lager will not intoxicate, but somehow I got very much mixed up after drinking two glasses. I slept in the street that

night, and when I awoke I had no money and no hat.'

Experiment.—Have a pint of lager and a pint of water. To the latter add half a gill of whiskey. Put a live fish into each, and compare the effects.

What do brewers think about it?

A Mr. Lill, of Chicago, Ill., and a Mr. Boppe, of Newark, N.J., both gave up brewing because their beer made drunkards.

Sometimes brewers try to get total abstainers as drivers of their beer-waggons, to avoid such a case as lately happened in New York City, where a drunken driver fell under the wheels of his own beer-waggon, and was killed.

Does beer produce misery in families like other alcoholic drinks?

Just the same cruelty in the father, neglect and shamelessness in the mother, and suffering to the children.

Case.—'We know a man who uses only beer, who has beaten his wife so as to make her helpless for days. He was dead drunk on beer when the neighbors helped to bury his infant son, and he has repeatedly knocked down and beaten his girl of eight and his boy of five years.'

Does not the free use of beer in Europe do away with the use of the stronger drinks?

Those countries which use the most beer use also the most distilled liquors.

How does Dr. Willard Parker sum up the matter?

'Alcohol is the one evil genius, whether in wine, ale or whiskey, and it is killing the race of men.'

What, then, shall we say to the claim that beer does not cause drunkenness?

It is one of the deceitful pretences of alcohol, and 'whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.'

## Please Don't.

Loyalty to duty, faithfulness unto that to which self had been pledged, never reached greater heights than in the case of that little boy terribly mangled by a Southern Pacific train some time ago. When the physicians in the hospital to which he had been taken placed whiskey to his lips, he turned his head and said, 'Please don't; I'm temperate.' When they urged him, saying that it would prolong his life until friends came, the boy said, 'Please don't press me; I'm temperate.' When, a little later, a herald of the gospel whom he well knew, stood by his cot and asked him to take the liquor, the reply was, 'It wouldn't be right, Father; I belong to the League of the Cross.' Finally, shown that it was only as a medicine that he was wanted to take it, and that his earthly existence would soon be ended, the little fellow said, 'If you say it's all right, then, Father, I'll take it.' We are reminded of the words of a drummer boy of the Crimea. Writing to his mother in England, telling of the hardships and terrible sufferings endured, he ended this part of his letter by saying, 'But, mother, it's our duty, and for our duty we will die.'—'Pacific.'

[For the 'Messenger.'

## What Is Permitted.

(As our readers know, to sell intoxicating liquor in this country it is necessary to obtain a licence. The word licence is from the Latin, and means 'it is permitted.' In the case of the saloon, what is it that is licensed or permitted?)

Licensed to make the strong man weak,
  Licensed to lay the strong man low;
Licensed the wife's fond heart to break,
  And make the children's tears to flow.

Licensed to do thy neighbor harm,
  Licensed to kindle hate and strife;
Licensed to nerve the robber's arm,
  Licensed to whet the murderer's knife.

Licensed thy neighbor's purse to drain,
  And rob him of his very best;
Licensed to heat his feverish brain,
  Till madness crown the work at last.

Licensed, like spider for a fly,
  To spread thy nets for man thy prey;
To make his troubles, suck him dry,
  Then cast the shattered hulk away.

Licensed where peace and quiet dwell,
  To bring disease, and want, and woe;
Licensed to make this world a hell,
  And fit man for a hell below.

MARY SEBASTIAN.

Montreal.

# Correspondence

Perth, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Northern Messenger' in our Sunday-school, and enjoy reading the letters in it very much. We go to the lake for our summer holidays.

BESSIE F. (aged 9).

Chesley, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Our public school is the best in the county of Bruce. It is heated by steam. There are seven teachers and we all like ours very much. Her name is Miss McKee. Our home is near the river, so we can go skating very often.

BERTHA W. (aged 12).

Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have one sister and one brother. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday, and get the 'Messenger.' I enjoy reading the correspondence.

SIDNEY (aged 12).

Lansing.

Dear Editor,—I have an auntie living in Canada and she sent me one of your 'Messengers.' I have read it all through. I like to read the correspondence, and I thought perhaps you would like to hear from a little Michigan girl. We live on a farm, in a big Gothic house, two miles north of Lansing, within sight of the capital building. I have three-quarters of a mile to go to school. We have a very nice lady teacher. She loves music, and is teaching us to sing and play.

MABEL (aged 10).

Gunter, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Our dog will draw me on my sleigh. I have taken your 'Messenger' ever since I was four years old.

R. P. W. (aged 6).

Balgonie, Assa.

Dear Editor,—I started to take the 'Messenger' some years ago. My cousin takes it, and used to lend it to me sometimes. I think it is a fine temperance paper. I lend it to Mabel, my school-chum. Would Lela, of Edgeley, write again soon, and tell about that country.

The country I live in is cold. There is no wood near, and the wind blows the snow in great drifts sometimes as high as a house. But this winter is not as cold as usual. We have beautiful flowers in summer. The prairie is covered with flowers like a flower-bed. I will send you some next summer.

That was a nice story of the Editor's. If everybody would do as Edward Norman did it would be nice.

MARY ELSIE R.

Powles Corner, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in a nice brick house, and I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss Gillis, and she is very kind.

MYRTLE (aged 8).

Molesworth, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My little brother and I are just over the whooping-cough. I was very much interested in 'L.S.'s' letter. I like going to Sunday-school very much. IDA.

London.

Dear Editor,—I go to the Rev. Mr. Johnson's Sunday-school, and it is a very large one, about 500 boys and girls. We get the 'Northern Messenger,' and like it. I have two guinea-pigs, also some rabbits; one is very tame and will not run away.

ALLAN W. B.

Westmount.

Dear Editor,—Papa has been reading the children's letters to my little sister Edythe and me, and we like them very much. We have a pet canary, and he is very tame, and he sings very nicely. I have a pair of skates, and papa is going to take me to the rink and teach me how to skate.

FLORA (aged 8).

Carleton Place.

Dear Editor,—This is my first writing with pen and ink. My brother won a gold and silver medal when he passed his entrance examinations, presented by the W.C.T.U.

MARY LOUISE W. (aged 9).

Bridgeburg, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We live on the banks of the Niagara river; we have such a lovely view of the big ships coming down the river. Some are real large ones. In the summer we have such jolly times swimming; my little brother Robbie can swim well, so can papa and the rest of us; and oh, but you should see us all in the water like a number of fish jumping around. Now we go skating on the rink. I wouldn't like to live in a country where they don't have any skating. I have only been on a farm once, and it was not a very large one. There were only two horses, and some chickens and pigs. I did so love to read Clara's letter. I would like to have been with her, it must have been so jolly riding across the prairie.

EDNA (aged 11).

Beaconsfield.

Dear Editor,—I like to go to school. I have a dog, two cats; my dog's name is Latch, and he can haul me on my sled.

WILLIE B. (aged 12).

Mid-Musquodoboit, N.S.

Dear Editor,—My father has taken the 'Messenger' for about ten years, and it seems now as if we could not do without it. The school that I attend has one of the best country school buildings in Nova Scotia.

MABEL (aged 10).

Fargo, North Dakota.

Dear Editor,—Aunt Susie sends the 'Messenger' to sister Maude. Papa reads it to us; we like the stories very much.

MAY (aged 7).

Billerica, Que.

Dear Editor,—I was at my grandma's a few days ago, and had a good time sliding down hill. They have a very big hill; it tired me to walk up, it is so high. I have great fun skating and sliding on a toboggan.

J. M. P. (aged 8).

St. Johns, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Some of our friends went to the North-West Territory last spring, and I sent them a parcel of 'Northern Messengers' for Christmas. I like the 'Northern Messenger' very much. I think I shall put all my 'Messengers' together, and make them into a book, so I can keep them together and not lose any. The Sunday-school lessons in the 'Northern Messenger' are very instructive.

LILLIE W. (aged 13).

Lilac Cottage, Ayer's Flat, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have two brothers, and we all go to school, and we like our teacher very much. My pet is my baby sister; we think she is the dearest little thing in the whole wide world. Our minister lives just across the road.

SADIE (aged 10).

Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Editor,—We live near the Red river. It is very cold here in the winter. It is very nice in the summer. We take your paper, and could not get along without it. We have lots of fun in the winter going to school. I like school very well. I like my teacher, Miss Coghill. I like to see the ice going down in the spring.

SOPHIA (aged 10).

Harvey Station, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have three sisters and no brothers. I live one mile from the station. I have a little dog and a cat; I had a squirrel last summer, but it ran away.

ARTHUR (aged 12).

Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We take a number of papers, but I like the 'Messenger' best of all. I go to school and rather like it. I have one dear sister, and wish I had a brother.

HAROLD B. (aged 11).

Gobles, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My oldest brother attends the McMaster University, sister attends the Collegiate Institute, in the town of Woodstock, which is about seven miles from here.

V. K. (aged 10).

Barb, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm, and keep hens and turkeys and ducks. Our hens lay all the time. My oldest brother is teaching near Ottawa.

MARY KATE (aged 11).

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for a long time. My grandmother took it for my papa when he was a little boy. I live on a farm. I have a pet lamb, and I call it Bessie.

GERTRUDE (aged 11).

# HOUSEHOLD.

## Papa At Breakfast.

However dear and lovable mamma is, however good the breakfast, the meal is not complete to the children so long as the father's chair is vacant. Instinctively, and perhaps unconsciously, every little one (to say nothing of mamma) suffers some strain of expectancy till the father comes. He is their king, they love him, they worship him in their child feelings. All that they are interested in they would like to submit to him in one way or another, and they, being children, are more keenly alive then than at any other meal of the day. When at last the great man's step is heard, all this sentiment among his pretty brood rushes toward him. They may not speak; they may be too well trained to do so, or too shy. The feeling is there, and how heavy a price the father pays who chills it with his entrance, who comes, not only late, but absorbed in himself, makes everybody wait upon him in haste, despatches his orders for the day between mouthfuls, and rushes off to his office with a hasty kiss all around. The wife may have schooled herself till she does not mind, and the children may not comprehend for years what giving and taking of happiness they might have realized in that morning hour. But whether they know it or not, their expectancy and affection are cooled a little more each day. The minds also have less to say, as they learn that they are not to be heard, but each one will have its awakening some day. And the father must be the loser in their respect, their admiration and their confidence, and he deserves to lose these precious things in inverse proportion to all he can possibly get out of that extra twenty minutes in bed.—Helen Ainslie Smith in 'Congregationalist.'

## The Value Of Rest Taken Briefly.

'Why don't you lie down a few moments?' asked an auntie of her niece, who she was visiting for a few days. The dinner dishes had been cleared away, and with a wide yawn the younger woman brought out her mending basket, remarking that as soon as she had changed her dress she must 'go right to mending.' Then it was that the question was asked, 'Why not lie down a few moments?'

'Oh, I can never sleep in the day-time,' was the reply, 'and besides, it always seems to me a waste of time to go off napping in broad day-light.'

But the aunt thought differently. 'Now, see here, Jennie,' she said, vigorously, 'I am some years older than you, and have had a great deal more experience, and I just know what I am talking about. When I started out as a young housekeeper, an old nurse told me that if I lay down ten or fifteen minutes every day after the "heft of the work," as she called it, was done, I would save more strength and make more health than I'd any idea of. I laughed to myself at the idea of my needing either to save strength or make health, and the simple advice was allowed to slip from my mind. But a few years afterwards, when I began to feel pretty well worn out by the middle of the day, the old nurse's advice recurred to me one day, and I at once resolved to try using it. So, regularly every afternoon, as soon as my work was done up, I lay down on the lounge for fifteen minutes. For a little while, perhaps a week, or ten days, I would just lie and watch the clock, getting up promptly when the quarter hour was up. Then one day I dropped asleep before I'd watched the clock two minutes, but the funny part was I waked up at the end of exactly the quarter hour. Next day it was the same. And for years that fifteen minutes' nap was worth a good deal more than a dollar a day to me. If for any reason I had to miss it, I felt sleepy, and as if I wanted something all the rest of the day. But up I'd get from that little rest as bright as a new dollar. Now just you try it. No matter if it seems a bore at first. It won't be long before your eyes will close as soon as you lie down, and my! the good it will do you!'

Hundreds of mothers, housekeepers and busy workers have proved the truth of these words. 'I didn't get my little nap to-day,' said one of the most industrious of women in my hearing recently, 'and it made me feel wrong and stupid the whole afternoon.' And another lady remarked, 'How much I would give if I only could catch a little nap each day!' She failed to realize how much we are creatures of habit, and that by schooling herself to rest and recline with persistent regularity would almost certainly bring the coveted sleep after a time. Another busy woman declared that she would not allow herself the luxury of a nap occasionally in the day time, because she knew it would so soon become a habit. Did she not fail to realize that her tired system was crying out for the periodical rest which she acknowledged was being resisted at some little effort?

'I let nothing prevent my taking my after dinner nap but absolute necessity,' said one lady, who realized that, pressed as she was with daily cares, it was of great value to her to take a generous half-hour of rest every day. 'I more than make up for it,' she said, with decision, 'in the extra strength it secures for the afternoon and evening.'

We hear and read how our grandmothers used to devote an hour or so of the day to reading and meditation. Many of us can distinctly remember seeing the 'meditation' in process, when almost habitually the little book would droop, the head would fall forward, and deep sleep, sweet and restful, would overpower the wholesome meditation. The housekeeper of to-day need not think herself superior to the example of the good old housekeeper of the past in this direction. She is not. The meditation and the nap, to our mind, were useful agents in calming grandma's nerves and prolonging her sensible life.—'Christian Work.'

## A Field For the Old.

A dear old lady, through reverses of fortune, become quite poor. In order to add to her small income she went out to take care of children, small babies especially. Her charges were moderate, fifty cents a day, twenty-five for the afternoon, and twenty-five for the evening, if she were relieved by midnight. She was a boon to the young mothers who liked to attend the concerts or an occasional party, or to spend an occasional afternoon in shopping or making calls. They knew their little ones were in good hands, for she thoroughly understood the care of babies. This did not necessitate continuous work, nor did she have to leave home long at a time, but it brought in many dollars. She was often called upon by a young mother when the baby was ill, or when the mother was ill and could not take care of her child. The woman who undertakes this work assumes considerable responsibility, hence she must thoroughly understand and enjoy it. It is an especially nice field of labor for elderly ladies, who have given up keeping their own house and live with their children. There are many who would be glad to undertake it, had it ever occurred to them to do so, and who would be equally glad of the money they would thus earn.—'Housekeeper.'

## A Word to Boys.

Mothers, says an exchange, train your boys to be neat in the house. They should be taught to look after themselves and to keep their hats and coats in their proper places. Teach them this habit, and you will also do a kindness to the boys by teaching them neatness and self-respect.

Boys, as well as girls, should be taught to help in the house. How often we have been disgusted to see that the girls are made to help with the housework while the boys are allowed to play checkers or sit at the fire toasting their toes! A boy can help clear away after a meal, sweep the floor, polish the stove or wash the dishes just as effectively as a girl. He, as a rule, is stronger. He will love his home more, and when he becomes a man and has a home of his own, he will respect his wife all the more for having been taught to respect his mother and sisters.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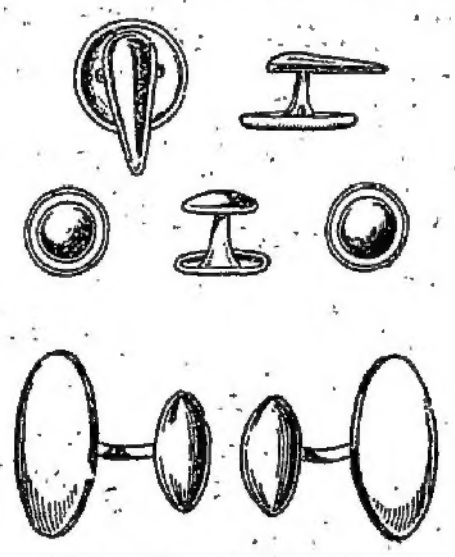

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THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'